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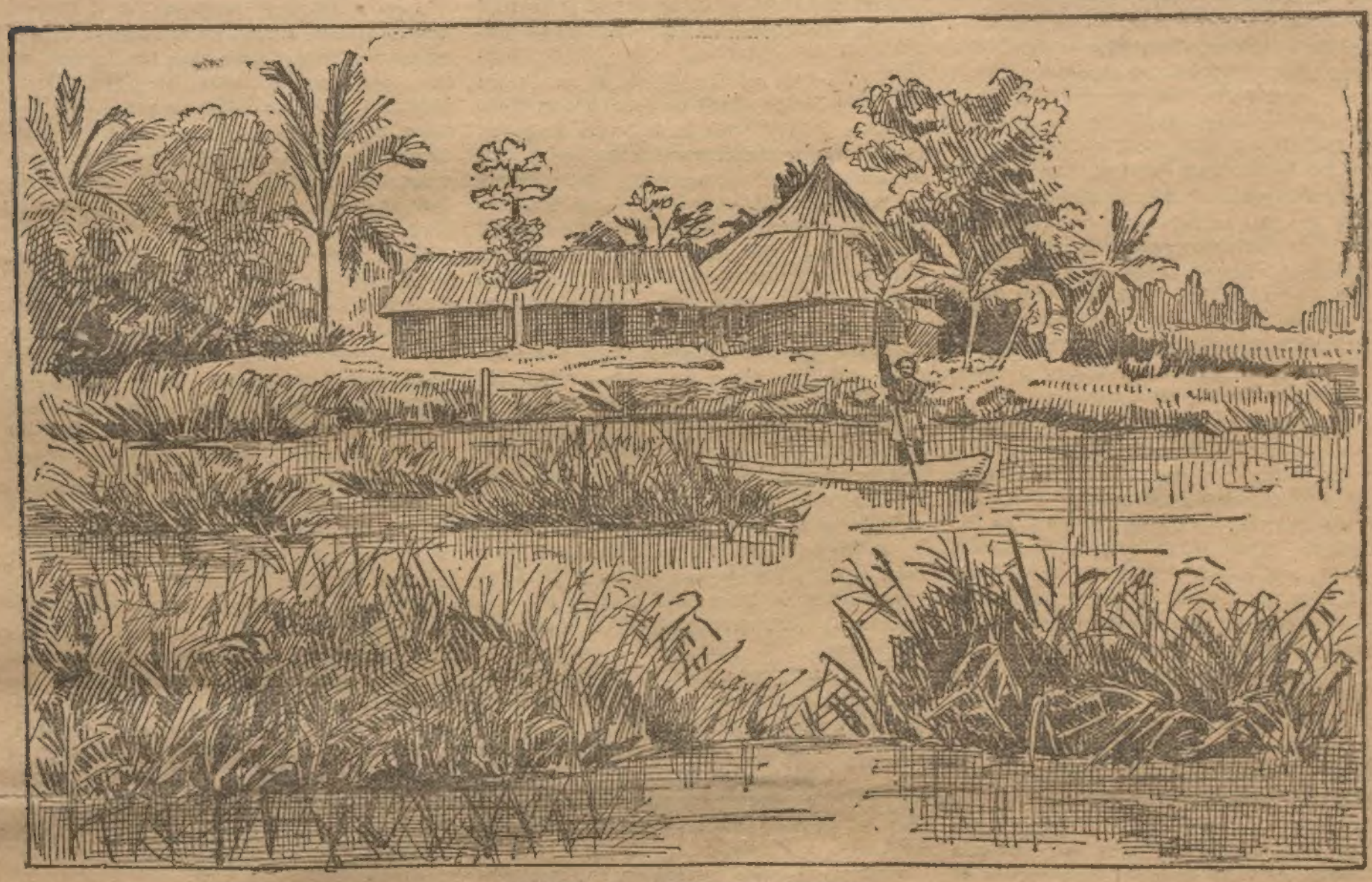
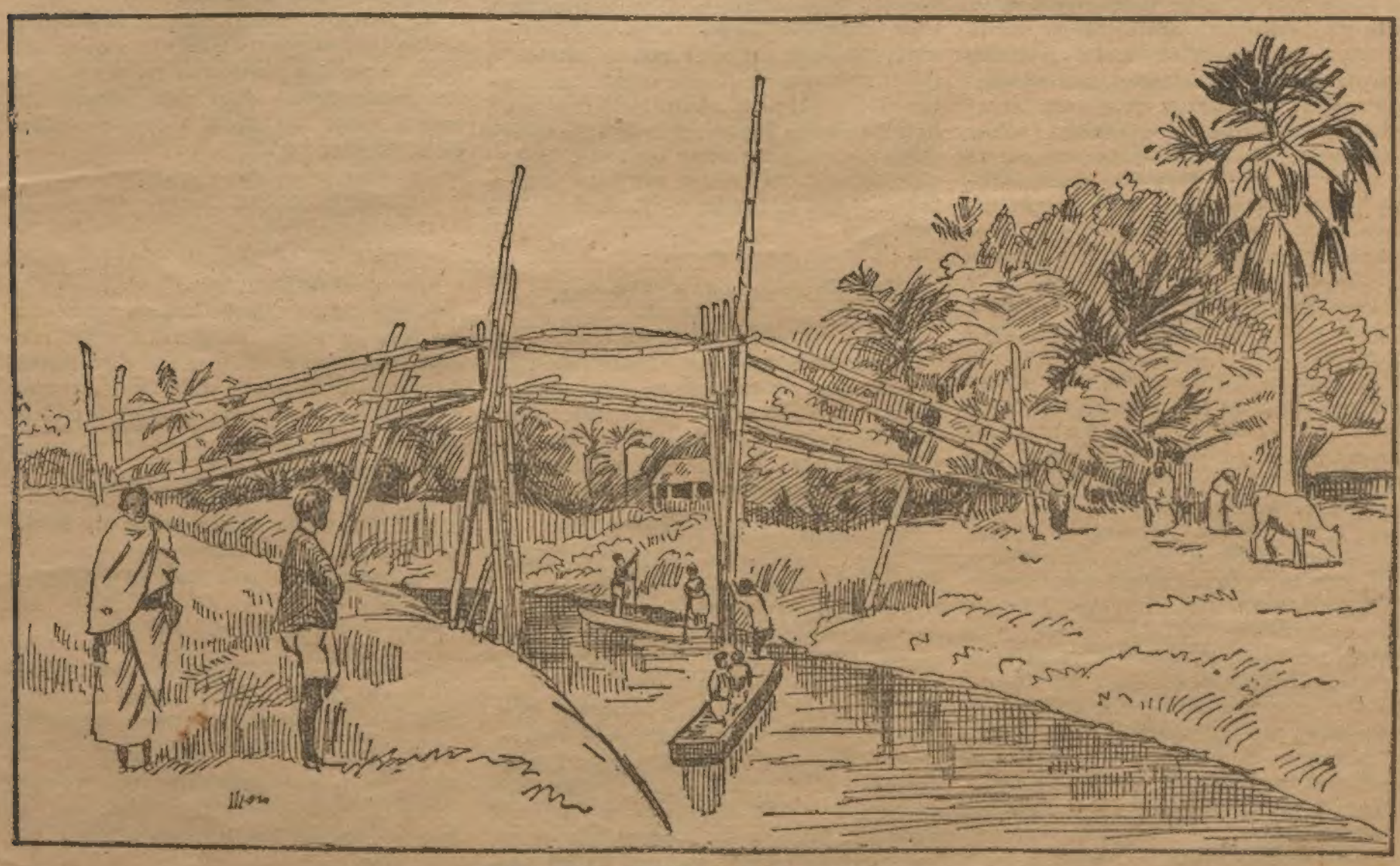


HOUSE IN THE RICE-FIELDS.



BAMBOO BRIDGE.—'L. M. S. Chronicle.'

Among the Rice Fields.

We started from Bhowanipore, Mr. Le Quesne and I, says an Indian missionary, in a ghari. A ghari is a two-horse conveyance, something like our London growlers, but rougher-looking and possessing far greater capacity for jolting and swinging jerkily from side to side. It was a Saturday morning, and our destination was Kaurapukur, which is a village some five or six miles south of Calcutta. We passed through Bhowanipore with its dirty streets, teeming population, and small native houses and shops; past Kulighat, the celebrated Hindu temple; across the Talygunge Bridge, and so on into the country, jolting and bumping over the Kaurapukur road. One coming fresh from England misses the familiar hedges and trees, but there is plenty of vegetation, and tall palms of various kinds, tropical trees, creeping and climbing plants, bamboos and jungle, make up a pleasant enough picture to the eye tired of city sights and streets.

An hour's drive brings us to Kaurapukur, Mr. Banerji comes smilingly out to greet us, and says all is ready for a start.

We go across the road to the khal, or small natural canal running past Kaurapukur into the rice-fields. On one side of the village landing-place is the dock for the 'Tara,' the fine new mission-boat used for work on the Isamutty. The dock is merely dug out of the bank, and into it the 'Tara' can be floated at high water. She is pretty constantly used, however, in the cooler parts of the year by parties of evangelists visiting the Sunderbund villages. At the landing-place three or four shaltis, or punts, are tied up. Ours was flat-bottomed, about ten feet long and less than two broad. Three wicker footstools, placed on the bottom of the shalti, served as seats.

Carefully we stepped off the clayey bank and took our seats, and when the crew had embarked we were thankful that no one of our party was of Pickwickian build, as not only would he have found it difficult to accommodate himself to the width of the boat, but would have gone far to sinking her, as, being overloaded, she was decidedly low in the water. Our crew was made up of two natives, shiny, brown-skinned, and scraggy, each dressed in a cotton loin-cloth (once white), and carrying a long bamboo. They punted along, pulling their bamboos out of the mud with a jerk when they stuck, somehow keeping their own balance and the boat's, and asking, when the water came over the boat's side and she only just recovered herself, and we remonstrated: 'Of what are you afraid?' The rascals! wetting to them would be rather refreshing than otherwise.

The khal banks were high, and so we could not see much of the scenery until we got out and walked, being rather cramped with our unusual positions in the shalti. The country is quite flat, with long stretches of rice field, relieved by clumps of palm-trees, marking the position of villages. There was plenty to look at. Now other shaltis would pass us; now we would meet a party of women trotting along the bank carrying their goods on their heads to market; now it was a man grubbing about in the mud at the bottom of the khal for small fish; now a man fishing with a kind of net I had never seen before; now we passed a cluster of huts and paused to see four or five oxen, tied to a post, walking round in a circle, and treading out the rice, or to watch women husking or beating it out.

At this season of the year the rice-fields are flooded to the depth of a few inches, and the channels, which are deeper, run to the various villages. The whole scene was bathed in bright sunshine. On each side of us stretched the rice fields, with here and there the islands marked by clusters of palms. Men were reaping the harvest. Wading in the shallow water, they cut down the rice and tied it into sheaves, which they left floating on the water to be picked up by shaltis, which take the place of our harvest waggons in England.

Now we passed between two islands, with the trees meeting over our heads, and the women and children come out of their mud huts to have a look at the 'padres,' as missionaries are styled out here; whilst half-wild, lean dogs stand and yelp at us. Again we came upon three or four brown little maidens fishing with basket-nets made of bamboo, up to their knees in the water, and not troubled with a superfluity of clothing.

There is continually something fresh to interest or amuse. After about three hours' journey, and after passing a fair number of villages, we approach Gangrai. We pass up a channel overgrown with water plants, in which are moored three or four other boats.

The teacher and catechist bring us cocoanuts, and open them with a small hatchet, and we find the milk very refreshing after our long ride in the sun. The men are out harvesting, but a group of little brown girls and boys soon gather, and watch our proceedings with evident interest. Some of the girls are pretty little things, and shyly peep at us from behind cloths drawn half over their faces. The women are busy about the huts, and some have been beating out and husking rice, which is lying in heaps on mats in the sun.

Mr. Banerji points out things of interest and answers plenty of questions, so that our tour through the little village is full of interest. The life of these village folk seems very quiet and simple, but it is very narrow, and here, as elsewhere, those passions and sins which only yield to the Christ-power hold sway and rule.

There is a school carried on by the teacher, a bright-looking, intelligent young fellow, who may, perhaps, come later to our Institution here as a theological student. Otherwise the children grow up in utter ignorance, their education consisting in learning to catch fish with net and trap, to manage a shalti, and to sow and reap rice. The number of Christians is small, but they meet from Sunday to Sunday in their little village chapels, the service being conducted by the catechist, and Mr. Banerji takes the villages in turn.—Jas. H. Brown, in 'L. M. S. Chronicle.'

The Power of a Hymn.

(By Margaret Curry.)

The words of the hymn 'Nearer, my God, to thee,' came floating out from the kitchen, where Sarah was at her daily work. They fell, softened by the distance, on the ears of two women as they sat on the front porch of the spacious country-house, watching the sun set.

The younger woman spoke:

'Aunt Catherine, that hymn is inseparably connected in my mind with an incident which happened here in our little village a few years ago. We were just now speaking of trust. This illustrates my idea of trust, and what it does for us.

'You never knew our neighbor, Mrs. G——, so I must tell you of her in the first place. She was one of the most lovable women I ever knew—always cheerful and sympathetic. Although she never seemed to realize it, she was the leading spirt of all our Christian efforts, inspiring us all with her bright, sunny ways. Mr. G—— was just such a husband as you would wish such a woman to have. A lovely daughter, two promising boys, and a little curly-headed tot, the pet of all, completed the happiest home circle it has ever been my good fortune to enter.

'In the spring of that year, Mrs. G—— had a severe illness. After many weeks of suffering, she arose from her sick-bed, but with the loss of her reason. The woman we had so admired and honored was a complete wreck, henceforth to be a burden in the home she had before made so happy.

'I knew Mr. G—— to be a man of deepest piety. Often I had heard him, in our prayer-meetings, thank God for 'a religion that could comfort us in the darkest hours of trial.' My own religious experience was quite limited then, and I confess I was wondering whether he found grace sufficient to support him under this terrible blow—whether he could say, 'As for God ,his way is perfect.'

When the evening came for the next prayer-meeting, he was at his post as usual. His face was pale, but otherwise calm, even peaceful. He had always led the congregation in singing; and when the meeting had progressed a little, our pastor, who was leading, asked him to start "Nearer, my God, to thee." From the first words, the old hymn I had known from my childhood began to take on a new meaning. I had thought it a beautiful conception, and I liked the music; but to-night it was the impassioned outpouring of a soul filled with intensest longing for God, as the weary, benighted, storm-driven traveller longs for home. The song was soon a solo. Every heart in the little congregation was stirred. Tears choked our utterance and blinded our eyes. The singer seemed unconscious that he sang alone, or that he had any hearers save God. What infinite pathos he threw into the pleading,

'"There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven:
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given:
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee!
Nearer to thee!'

'It was not a pleading that the afflicting hand might be removed, but for a faith that could pierce the gloom and recognize it as the hand of love. Even while he asked the answer came. A note of victory shook the air as he sang:

'"Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee!
Nearer to thee!"

'I felt certain that he had an experience like that of Moses on Sinai, for his face shone; and we knew that the most joyous man among us that night was he over whose home there hung so dark a pall of misery.'—'S. S. Times.'

The First Dandelion.

A little wee flower with a cap on its head
Peeped out of the ground one day,
'It is spring, and high time to get up,' it said,
'The snow has melted away.

'The sun is beginning to shine very strong,
The wind is whistling for glee;
I really believe, though perhaps I am wrong
The wind is calling for me.'

So it quickly took off its nightcap of green,
Then smoothed down its golden hair,
And smiling up bravely and brightly was seen
Spring's first dandelion fair.

—Lizzie Willis, Toronto, in 'Educational Journal.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

Jim Bryan's Safety.

(By Elizabeth P. Allan, in 'Forward.')

The Campus of Wessex College was alive with boys and men, and, to judge by the glitter and whirl, there was a bicycle to every man. The occasion was the enrolment of candidates for the wheel race, to come off in three weeks, for which an adventurous firm had offered a fine 'Safety' as a prize.

'This is a pretty lively go,' said a young freshman, standing apart from the wheelers. 'I wouldn't mind being in the party myself.'

'You would be ahead, Jim, without a doubt,' said his companion. 'What any other fellow can do with arms and legs, not to say hands and feet, you always do twice as well.'

'He began to compliment and I began to grin,' mocked Jim Bryan, but he knew that

'WAIT FOR ME A MINUTE.'

Conrad Cowen was not far from right, in giving him first place among the college athletes. This made his poverty, and his inability to get a bicycle, all the more bitter to him.

'I'd like the fun of the thing myself,' said Cowen, 'though I would not stand a chance. Well, fortunately for us paupers, there are some sorts of fun that are not confined to millionnaires; eh, Jim?'

The low laugh with which this was emphasized, brought a gleam of pleasure and defiance to Bryan's gloomy eyes.

'I can't say that yours is a very high style of fun, Cowen,' was the answer; 'but if it is the best one can do, why—Kismit, say I—so lead off.'

The laugh and the reply reached ears for which they were not meant. Reed Nelson, one of the older students, was at that moment slowly wheeling his bicycle off the campus, and passed behind our group of spectators, as they separated and moved away.

'I wish Jim would not chum with that fellow Cowen,' said Reed to himself, 'Cowen is a bad lot. I wonder if there is anything a fellow could do to get hold of Jim Bryan. I might—well, that would be pretty tough, but when one thinks of the issues involved'—Reed suddenly sprang on his bicycle, and in another minute had caught up with Bryan who was walking off alone.

'I say, Jim, wait for me here a minute, won't you, until I lock up my wheel? There is something I want to talk over with you, if you have time for a little walk.'

Now Bryan was not in the best humor for companionship with one of the lucky racers, but Reed Nelson was not one to be lightly snubbed, and the two were soon facing the western range of mountains, aglow with evening sun rays.

When the club gathered for practice, the next afternoon, to everybody's surprise, Jim Bryan had taken Reed's place, and wheel; and, in light-weight costume, was poised for the run.

The surprised questoning was lightly turned aside by both boys.

'Oh, it's a bargain we've struck!' said Reed, and Jim made a wry face. 'Queerest hire, I pay, that you ever heard of,' he said; but nobody heard what the pay was.

Jim Bryan had never gotten as much pleasure out of any three weeks in his life as during these splendid autumn days that he was training for the race on Reed Nelson's wheel. Early each morning, while the white mist lay like a deep sea over the valley, and the mountain tops were amethyst and the sky gold, he tore about the country roads, exulting in his speed, and every morning he tested his mettle, and measured his progress with the other members of the club.

And the pay? It was 'queer,' as Jim said; for Reed had frankly told the young collegian that he wanted to bribe him into a different set of habits from those he was fast forming under Conrad Cowen's lead.

'You know yourself, Bryan, that Conrad is going to be a failure in this life and the next if he keeps on drinking and playing cards; why should you throw yourself down that precipice after him?'

'Oh! a fellow must have some fun,' answered Jim, shortly. 'It is easy enough for you to choose, but I must take what I can get.'

Then Reed tempted him with his offer of the wheel, and the chance of winning the prize.

'What are your conditions?' asked Jim. 'What axe are you getting sharpened by this plan?'

'Well, since you offer me conditions,' said Reed, laughing, 'I might as well take you up; come and read with me half an hour every day.'

'Bible?' said Jim, doubtfully.

'Yes; we'll read the bible,' answered Reed, dropping his light tone. 'Is it a bargain?'

Jim did not disappoint his friend's expectations. He won the race, and the 'Safety' was his. But it came to him weighted with a sense of obligation to Reed, that was not altogether pleasant. Sometimes he felt like kicking against this invisible bond, and, careful as his benefactor was to show no sense of it himself, Jim wished more than once that he had never seen Reed's bicycle.

It was not always pleasant to Reed either—this position in which he stood to Jim—but as pleasantness had not been his aim, he quietly held the freshman to his bargain, and day after day took Jim into his bible reading, which he certainly would have enjoyed more alone.

Reading with Nelson, and riding his new wheel, about used up Jim Bryan's spare time and those other plans, into which Cowen was to lead him, were indefinitely postponed.

'I wish you'd tell me the true inwardness of this bible-reading scheme; Reed,' asked Jim one day. 'What put you on to it?'

'The fixed belief,' answered the other, 'that a fellow who reads the bible intelligently every day is building up, rail by rail, a fence to keep out the devil.'

'Well!' exclaimed Jim, 'I always knew you expected me to run away from mischief on my wheel, but this is a new sort of "Safety" that I hadn't bargained for.'—'Forward.'

Why He Did Not Go.

(Frank H. Sweet.)

Alfred Gaines left the store one night with unmistakable discontent on his face. Even the floor-walker noticed it, as the boy passed down the passage between the hosiery and shirt-waist departments, and he wondered a little, for only that morning Gaines had been promoted from the gingham to the silk counter, and had received the unusual honor of a nod and smile from the senior proprietor.

Reaching the street, the boy pulled his cap down over his eyes and hurried away, dodging to the right or left as the crowd of pedestrians swerved to one side or the other, and finally darting into a dark, narrow alley-way that was almost wholly given up to lodging houses. Two blocks more, and he slipped into a dimly-lighted hallway and ran up seve-

ral long flights of stairs to his room on the fourth floor.

It was a very small room, with a bed and trunk and one chair, and an unpretentious pine-framed looking-glass on the wall. But the boy was not thinking of the room just now. Something more portentous was on his mind, and his hands went deep down into his pockets, and the discontent grew more pronounced and unmistakable on his face.

'What's the use of my being such a milk-sop?' he grumbled, as he kicked off his shoes and kneeled down, preparatory to opening his trunk. 'It's just as the boys say, I'm still fastened to mamma's apron strings, and ought to have her here to lead me round. Not that I'm ashamed of it,' a quick flush of contrite shame spreading over his face; 'she's the very best mother in the world. But then I'm seventeen years old, and I'm living here in the city with men who know something of the world. I can't be a baby always, and of course mamma and the girls don't know. If I'm to be a good business man I must get acquainted with people, and do as other folks do. All the clerks at my counter smoke cigars, and go to the theatre and races and things. And this is such a gentlemanly invitation, too. Baker says it isn't often that a mere clerk receives such an honor. He says—but oh, pshaw! no matter what he says; it's more than half taffy, anyway.'

He threw open the trunk with the air of one who rises above such trivialities, but still the expression of complacency which the recollection of his fellow-clerk's words had called up remained on his face while he removed his one good suit from the trunk and spread it on the bed.

'I suppose there'll be more or less smoking and drinking and betting going on,' he thought, as he held up his coat and looked it over critically, 'but that's none of my business. I can't keep folks from doing such things, and because they do it is no reason why I should. And as Baker says, it isn't often that a man gets a chance to see such a sparring exhibition as this will be. It's only one night, anyhow, and I'll be none the worse for want of a few hours' sleep. Mother'll never know, and Baker'll be careful not to let it slip out at the store. I don't suppose Mr. Gray and the floor-walker would quite approve of it; but as Baker says, they are old fogies.'

He laid aside the coat, and then inspected the vest minutely. 'Looks as good as new,' he thought, as he put it down and took up the pantaloons. 'It's awfully good of Baker to take me up as he does; I must try and make it all right with him sometime. I suppose I might ask him out home to spend his vacation,' here a slight wrinkle of disapprobation appeared between his eyebrows. 'N—no, I don't think I will, either. He isn't just the sort I would like mother and the girls to meet. I'd rather introduce them to somebody like Marsden or White. Still Baker's an awfully good fellow, and he uses me right. Hello! here's the patch.'

It was only a neatly darned place on one of the knees, but as he looked at it he could see his mother bending lovingly over his best suit, and his sisters ironing his handkerchiefs and socks and getting him ready for his entrance into the world. And thinking of them, the discontent left his face, and presently he folded his best suit and replaced it in the trunk.

'Oh, pshaw!' he thought, with lightened heart, 'what's the good of going out with a rough, drinking crowd, anyhow! Mother and the girls are worth more than the whole lot of them. 'I'll go to bed.'

The next morning the floor-walker looked at Alfred Gaines approvingly. He liked to see that strong, buoyant expression on the faces of the men who worked under him. And when at night he saw Alfred wait for Marsden and White, his approval did not lessen. Marsden and White were good men for the younger clerks to go with.—'Child's Paper.'

When the Doctor is Storm Bound.

(By Edith Alger, in 'The Christian Work.')

A practical and good woman says, 'I have noted recently that a number of young people are paying careful attention to the health articles written by eminent physicians and good nurses especially for the young people. All boys and girls desire a healthy body, and it is an encouraging lookout for that boy's future if he begins early to learn practically of hygiene, the use and abuse of athletics, of the symptoms of disease most common. It sometimes happens that a young son and daughter may need to act in an emergency. In isolated homes sickness enters just as in other homes. An accident or a sudden illness may demand medical attention or a nurse when a delay is inevitable. It is torture to sit in ignorance beside a suffering loved one, not knowing which way to turn to alleviate the suffering. Healthy boys and girls are likely to pass by the condensed health article in their own journal. An article describing pneumonia, its symptoms and phases, is uninteresting to the reader enjoying good health. A careful reading may prove a future good.

Two boys possessing a good bicycle, work in an office all the day. One said to his mother, 'I ride my wheel for health. I mean to sit erect, to never tax my strength or to waste it in the endeavor to become the champion. Since I am your bread winner I have my health to care for. My wheel is to be a benefit.'

The other said, 'I mean to break the record for speed.'

The mother urged, 'Lonny, your lungs are weak, remember; Dr. Crow said rightly used your wheel would prove a benefit. You must be sensible, not abuse—'

'Don't, mother, dash a live boy with cold water; surely you would not want me a slow coach,' he replied, vexed and impatient.

The boy that wheeled for health, says, since the passing of the intense heat in August, 1896, 'My office work was hard. Every day I felt worn out, but after work hours and tea, I went for a lively spin on my wheel, came home and slept an unbroken sleep, and waked next morning refreshed. My wheel has been a pleasure and benefit. I knew quite well that I could not break the record or become a champion, but I am getting on in strength and speed. There is Lonny Stephens, he went in for the championship. He has had pneumonia, been weak ever since his attack. He is an ambitious boy, but pays no heed to his lack of physical strength, and abuses exercise that might strengthen him. What, studying hygiene and your own body an old fogy business? I think not. If right living will prevent disease, an up to date boy ought to learn how to live.'

Girls, too, need to learn how to live. When I was a young girl living in a country home and too healthy and happy to give a thought to illness, the second week in January was unseasonably warm, and a warm rain fell melting the snow and ice. My mother had a severe cold, then a chill and fever. I knew nothing of pneumonia symptoms or the rapid progress of the disease if neglected. Mother thought lightly of her attack of cold, and father was not at home, and did not return until she was in a high fever and delirious. Father was alarmed, and I knew mother was seriously ill. He set out walking—the road was almost impassable—after Dr. Warren, the best physician in Clifton. He intended stopping at a neighbor's house, hoping to find Miss Leta Dean at home and able to come to me. Miss Leta was the neighborhood nurse and tower of strength in emergencies. Father left me at seven o'clock. The rain fell steadily, there was no medicine to give, and I knew not what to do to relieve mother's pain. She cried out for water, cold water. I had heard that boiled water should be given in illness. I feared to give her a cold draught of water unboiled. There was no one to consult or advise with.

Father was gone the greater part of the night—the long, anxious, sorrowful night. He returned without Dr. Warren. The doctor had sprained his ankle and could not make visits. He sent medicine, prescribing after hearing father carefully recount the symptoms.

Dr. Moore, Dr. Warren's assistant, if the footbridge over Plum Creek was not washed away, would visit mother during the day, and a neighbor had gone after Miss Leta. I might expect her, as she would surely come to our aid.

Father assumed the care of mother. The cooking, housework, and feeding the cattle was my work.

Dr. Moore came in the afternoon. He said mother was critically ill, the disease had made rapid progress, he feared the result should the weather suddenly change from warm to cold, we must have a nurse, and he desired counsel; if we gave him permission he would telegraph to Blue Ridge for Dr. Charles, a physician especially successful in treating pneumonia.

'Telegraph— send an urgent message,' said father. Miss Leta came later, just as the sleet rattled down upon the roof. The sudden change in the weather, so unwelcome, had come.

'Esther, stop cryin',' commanded Miss Leta, when I gave way to hopelessness, 'I will be truthful. Your mother is very ill. I do not see how Dr. Charles can get here tomorrow or the next day over the nine miles up and down hill road that lies between Blue Ridge and this farmhouse. The highway will be sleet covered. We cannot control the weather, child, nor fetch the doctors, and we do need 'em; but we can keep doin', tryin' our utmost to make your mother comfortable. Stop cryin' an' get to doin', grievin' an' regrettin' helps nobody.'

I recognized the need of doing, and under Miss Leta's direction was able to do many things for my mother during the ensuing seven days.

Dr. Charles was not able to reach our house until three days after receiving Dr. Moore's telegram. In his kind, strong face I speedily read the truth—there was no hope, and it was so, my mother was fast slipping away from us.

In the years that have gone since my mother's last illness, the young people have been learning how to care for the body and resist disease, yet emergencies continue to arise, pain and illness that might be relieved in the incipient stage is neglected through an ignorance of a common-sense, homely knowledge of the need for a speedy attention while the disease is only symptoms. The residents of an isolated home must necessarily rely upon the members of their household in time of need.

A young girl with a mother's aid, living in a lonely little place, has a scrap book containing health articles that have been published in reliable periodicals, and prepared

for publication by physicians and hygienists of high standing. 'Maggie's doctor's book' has been frequently ridiculed by the three big farmer brothers. One of the boys was taken ill on a day that Maggie and her mother were away from home. Maggie's 'health' book contained a simple and effectual remedy and plain directions for applying it. The sufferer's pain was soon relieved, and he was spared a more serious attack.

Maggie's scrap book contains a syndicate letter entitled 'Common colds, pneumonia symptoms and pneumonia.' Maggie may never need to turn to this particular article for the minute and valuable help it gives the inexperienced person. I cannot repress the regret that I had not a similar help in the period my mother's illness was only symptoms, not developed into pneumonia, that disease in which delays are dangerous.

Youth and illness seem far apart—disease is not a pleasant topic, health articles are not always pleasant reading, and with the constantly increasing number of good physicians and nurses doing humanity service, it is difficult to realize that one may watch with suspense and longing for the doctor who cannot be obtained when needed.

Young William Hunter.

(M. J. Middleton.)

Before the art of printing was invented, in 1440, every book had to be written with a pen, which, of course, took so much time that there were very few books, and one copy of the bible cost as much as some houses; so that there were very few people who had ever seen one. How different from these days when almost every child, as well as every grown person in our land, can own a bible as soon as they can read, and few are unable to think of any time when they were not familiar with the sight of the blessed volume. But even after men had learned how to print them, the number of bibles at first was comparatively small, for they could print but very little to what is done now, and it would require a long time to complete one copy. Often there was but one bible for a whole congregation or parish—and that one was kept chained to a desk so that no one could take it from the church. The people would come together to hear it read, and sometimes one would get permission to come and read it for himself.

In a parish in England there lived in those days a young man about nineteen named William Hunter. He was happy in being able to read, but he had only a collection of Psalms of his own, and he used to go to the old church that he might read the bible on the desk there. The pious young king, Edward VI., who commanded the bible to be given to the people, was then dead, and his sister, Queen Mary, who succeeded him, was a Roman Catholic. She believed that none but the priests had any right to read the bible; so she sent the priests all over England to forbid the people reading it. One of the priests found young Hunter one afternoon in the old church diligently reading the bible aloud.

'Who gave you leave to read the bible and explain it?' said he.

William replied that he 'only read it for his own comfort, and not to explain it to others.'

But the confession that he read it at all was all that was needed for the priest to condemn him, and he was sent to the Bishop at London, who tried to make him promise not to read the Scriptures any more. This he would not promise, as he derived very much enjoyment and comfort from reading God's Word, so the bishop sent him back to be burned to death.

His father and mother were living; but they loved God's Word and encouraged their son to love it, too, and they would rather see him burned at the stake than give up his faith in the gospel which it teaches. His brother, too, stood by him and came near losing his life by his devoted affection for him. Many persons gathered round the youthful martyr as he was led to execution.

'Good people,' said he, 'I want you to pray for me while you see me live, and I will pray for you likewise.'

'Pray for thee!' said the justice who condemned him to death, 'I would no more pray for thee than for a dog.'

William calmly answered, 'I pray God it may not be laid at your charge at the last, and I forgive you.'

As the fagots were lighted, William handed his Book of Psalms (which had been such comfort) to his brother, who said, 'Think on the sufferings of Christ, and be not afraid.' Then lifting his eyes to heaven again he prayed, 'Lord, Lord, receive my spirit!' and bending his head the thick smoke soon suffocated him, and his spirit went to join the blessed company 'which came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.'

That we too may be of this number we must love God's Holy Word and the Saviour of whom it teaches. This young disciple of Christ would die rather than consent to give up reading the Scriptures, while many a boy in our own day leaves his bible unopened day after day for fear of being laughed at by his young companions for reading it. May God give us all such love for his book that no fear will keep us from reading it.—'Child's Paper.'

Rescue of Child Slaves.

Mrs. Dewar, wife of the Free Church of Scotland missionary at Mwenzo, on the Tanganyika Plateau, Africa, describes the rescue of some child slaves:—

'Last week, while superintending the making of a new road, news came that an Arab

RESCUE OF CHILD SLAVES IN AFRICA.

party had just left a certain place. The resident official gathered a band of natives and, with another European, started at once. They reached the spot to learn that Alungwana had not yet passed; being in advance, they stayed in the village, where it was expected the party would rest. Soon the Beloochistan Arabs came along, donkeys, carriers, women and a whole lot of children. The whole caravan took half an hour to pass a given spot. They did not stay at the village, but camped some distance away, lighted their fires, and cooked their food.

'No move was made that night, but, when morning dawned, messengers were sent demanding instant and unconditional surrender. The only answer was firing on the part of the attacked. In less time than it takes me to write, the principal Arab was captured; his companion, rather than yield, committed suicide by shooting himself, and all their "chuma" was taken, including several very valuable tusks, some weighing over eighty pounds each—1,500 pounds in all. Also the Arab mail and fifty-seven slaves have come safely to Kawa, the headquarters of the B. S. A. on the Plateau. All who could give a satisfactory account of where they were bought, or whence they were stolen, have been (or are being) returned to their respective homes.

'Mr. Dewar received a note offering him some of the tiny ones, so he started, taking with him several men to bring them back. It was only last evening, when quite dark, that they returned, glad to set down their tiny human loads. One child was crying with the cold, as the large wrapping of calico its kind rescuer had supplied had slipped down. All were soon crowding round the fire, and, not content with the mat in front, stepped right inside the hearth, spreading out their little hands to the welcome glow, and soon all were chattering and enjoying some sweet ground-nuts—monkey-nuts.

'Our hearts seemed full—on the verge of either a good cry or a good laugh. On the one hand we were thankful to know they had been saved from a terrible future, and were safe at a mission station, and on the other hand there was the thought of what the poor mothers and fathers must be enduring.

'They had rested during the daytime in their march, and travelled at night, until they reached this region the adults had been fastened together with a long chain (which is now at Kawa), well made, with two semi-circular bands at intervals, to be fastened round the necks of the doomed ones with a padlock. The head Arab is there, too, in chains, awaiting his trial.'—'Christian Herald.'

Only Three Cents.

When Herbert was ten years old he had an allowance of twenty cents per week, out of which he was supposed to pay his car fares, his contributions to charitable objects and various other little items. On the calendar printed by his church there was a list of the benevolent organizations of its particular denomination, and his mother told him that she wished he would select whichever one he preferred to give his money to and pledge whatever sum he chose to give each Sunday. He decided that he could afford to give three cents. Then he read the list slowly and carefully. A disappointed look came over his face. He read the list again. The disappointment grew deeper. He turned and said ruefully to his mother, 'The thing I want to give to isn't here.'

'Why, what do you want to give to?'

'I want to give to the Indians at Hampton.'

'What do you know of the Indians at Hampton?'

'O, I know about them, and I like them, and I want to give my money to them. Of course, it isn't much, but perhaps I can give them more some day. At any rate, I want to give my three cents a Sunday to them.'

On the card it said that if the donor wished his money given to any cause outside those mentioned there of course he was at liberty to do so. The puzzled mother pointed out this provision to her eccentric little boy and his face lightened at once.

'Then I can really send my money to the Indians at Hampton?'

'Yes. It may be some bother to the treasurer, for there is probably nobody else in the church who cares to subscribe regularly for

the Indians. But if you care so much about it I am sure he will not mind the trouble.'

So Herbert gave his three cents every Sunday to the Hampton Indians, and his delight in giving to them suffered no diminution for three years. Then, when the time came around for making the annual pledge, his father said, 'Really, Herbert, I am glad that you think so much of the Indians, but since that cause is not specified on the card, and since it must be a nuisance to the treasurer to forward your little $1.56 every year to Hampton, hadn't you better think about giving it to one of the regular causes ?'

Herbert's eyes filled.

'You don't know how much I think about the Indians at Hampton, papa,' he said, warmly. 'I think about them a great deal. If ever I get to be a rich man I mean to do a lot for them. Now, I am only a little boy, and I can give them only three cents a Sunday. But I do all I can, and it makes me happy to think that I am helping, even if it is only a little. I would much rather keep on giving my money just the way I do. I guess it doesn't bother the treasurer so very much.'

That was the last interference which Herbert met with. His father felt ashamed to think that he had for a moment discouraged so genuine and unselfish a desire. Later he felt even more ashamed, for one day, when Herbert had been giving his three cents to the Indians every Sunday for four years, the church treasurer handed the little boy's father a letter.

'That belongs somewhere in your family, I believe,' he said.

It was addressed 'To the one in the ——— Church who has for four years given three cents each Sunday to the Indians at Hampton.' It said something like this :—

Dear Unknown Friend,—We here at Hampton want to thank you for your persistent interest in us. Your gift to us has been warmly appreciated. We are sure that it comes from a warm heart which loves the poor Indians. May God bless you for the help and encouragement which the thought of your constant interest has given us ! We send you some papers telling more of our work than you perhaps know. Can you not come and see us ? We can assure you a loving welcome whenever you can come.'

Herbert's joy at receiving this entirely unexpected tribute to his perseverance may be imagined. He is not yet a man, but when he is the Indians may well hope for aid and sympathy from him as much more substantial than his little three cents each Sunday as a man is stronger and more efficient than a boy.—Kate Upson Clark, in the Boston 'Congregationalist.'

The Story of James Nisbet.

(By Dr. David Brown.)

Mr. Nisbet's father was a soldier, but after the battle of Waterloo and the prolonged peace which followed, he left the army and returned to Kelso, his native place. There he took a small farm under the Duke of Roxburgh. After a while Mr. Nisbet said to his son, 'Jamie, this place will not keep you and me. You have had a fair education, and you are smart enough to do for yourself. Just go to London, and try to get into some house of business, offering to take any job they put you to.'

Jamie was not long in finding a West India house, where he had to light the fires, both of the house and offices, and to attend to them through the day. Being a Scotch Presbyterian, he attended the ministry of the Rev. Dr. Nicol, of the Scotch Church, Swallow-street. Dr. Nichol was an earnest and faithful preacher of the Gospel ; but though Mr. Nisbet was a well-living young man, he had at first no religious impressions, and merely attended his place of worship. However, Dr. Nichol's appeals to the conscience of his hearers began to touch him, and were so awakening that he became a true and earnest Christian. His minister coming to know this, invited him to become one of his Sunday-school teachers; and though he could not well refuse, he felt himself so ignorant of what he would have to teach that he determined to study the bible for himself, with the aid of Matthew Henry's Commentary. This he bought, and employed all his time after work till nearly morning in reading and studying the bible.

But this brought him to a standstill. His master had ordered him to light the office as well as the house fires on Sunday as on other days ; but though he did this and thought little of it at first, he could do it no longer, and at once went and told him so. Being well pleased with his services, his master was unwilling to part with him, and he reasoned with him.

'You light the house fires, and what's the difference between one fire and another ?'

'There is this difference, sir ; I am no judge of what fires are required for in the house, but office fires are never lighted but for doing business.'

'But what have you to do with that ? I don't ask you to do business for me.'

'But, sir, I cannot help other people to do what is wrong.'

'Well, I am sorry to part with you, but I must have my office fires lighted.'

'But not by me, sir,' So away he went.

The master told his wife what had passed. She said :

'Foolish man that you are to part with that lad ; you'll get plenty to fill his place and do whatever you bid them, but perhaps they will rob your till, and that will be worse for you. Here is a religious young man, who will rather give up this situation than go against his conscience. You ought rather to raise his wages than lose his services.'

'Well, there's something in that,' said her husband ; 'I'll think of it. So he determined to send for young Nisbet again; and his wife, knowing the time he had appointed, took care that he should be ordered to see her first. 'Well, my lad, I hope you are not going to yield to my husband ?'

'Certainly not, ma'am.'

'I am glad of that; and if you refuse to yield, I think he will take you back.'

So he went to his master, who said, 'Well, sir, are you going to do what I asked you ?'

'Never, sir.'

'Well, but if I get another to light my office fires, will you stay ?'

'I am no judge of other people; and if you do not ask me to do it, I am willing to stay;' which he did.

But Nisbet got tired of the place, and began to think of some way of doing for himself. He observed that religious books were not kept by the booksellers in London; they would order any such book for you, but did not keep them in stock. So he said to himself, 'Could I not rent a little shop, and advertise it as a place where only religious books were kept?" And when he had made as much money as would enable him to do this, religious people came to see him in considerable numbers. He took care to secure the best books, and having read them he talked of their contents. His customers increased. He married, and his wife stood behind the counter.

He prospered from month to month, but at length he came to a stand. One day he had to pay a bill of thirty pounds, and he had not thirty shillings—what was he to do ? He went to prayer and while he was praying about it there was a ring at the door. He hastened to open it, and found that the carriage of the Duchess of Beaufort was there. 'Mr. Nisbet, I always pay my own bills, and your place being the nearest, I have come to you first. Your bill comes to thirty pounds, and here it is,' handing him the money. On returning to his wife, to her amazement he put the money into her hand. He went on his knees again, but now to give thanks ; and from that time Mr. Nisbet's business began to improve, and an unexpected incident greatly increased his success.

The London Missionary Society, then recently formed, required funds and missionaries. The funds came in steadily, and they advertised for offers of missionary service. No response came from educated men, but some of the working classes offered their services. Their claims had to be investigated, and for this purpose a committee was formed, consisting of ministers of different denominations, and they selected only those who, besides being devoted Christians, seemed capable of being trained sufficiently for the work that lay before them.

But as the students had to be boarded in London, a difficult question arose as to where they were to be accommodated. 'Send them to Nisbet,' said one. 'Yes,' said another ; 'he's the man if he will take them.' Mr. Nisbet at once agreed, and took a larger house for the purpose. With him they were very happy, as they told him again and again ; and from him they learned much that was of great service to them afterwards. At length, when their studies were completed, they were sent out.

On leaving that warm home with regret, Mr. Nisbet made them promise to write to him as well as to the committee. Their first letter was properly addressed to the committee, but the details they gave of all their experiences were so minute that the committee had to complain of the length of their letter. They met only for one hour once a week, and were obliged to ask that nothing but facts, briefly told, should be written to them. This rather distressed the missionaries, as they wanted to open their hearts on the great work they were engaged in, but they determined to do this to Mr. Nisbet ; and the ladies and gentlemen interested in the mission, on calling on Mr. Nisbet, heard all these letters, and this brought a considerable increase of business to him.

At length, being now comparatively wealthy, Mr. Nisbet deemed it advisable to remove his business and his place of residence to the West End of London ; and having acquired that large and commodious house, 21 Berners street, Oxford street, he fitted up part of it as his place of business, and it was there that I lived with him. Mr. Nisbet made a liberal use of his money. One day I found the book in which he entered the sums he gave to the objects in which he was interested; and there I found five pounds to this, ten pounds to that, and in two or three cases fifty pounds to a third. I told him what I had done, and hoped he would excuse me, as it had taught me an excellent lesson to make a liberal use of the means I possessed.

In course of time Mr. Nisbet began to feel the cares of business rather too much for him ; so he wrote to a young friend in Kelso, Mr. Watson, who had begun business there for himself, asking him whether he would come to London and take charge of his business, and he would make it worth his while. This he did at once, and being clever and energetic he soon became at home in the business. After some time Mr. Nisbet made him and Mr. Murray (a connection

by marriage) partners, and the firm then became Messrs. James Nisbet & Co. By degrees Mr. Watson and Mr. Murray did all the active part of the business, which prospered increasingly under their care; Mr. Nisbet merely superintending and talking with the customers. Another partner, Mr. Taylor, was included, and this arrangement, I think, continued as long as Mr. Nisbet lived. After the death of Mr. Murray and Mr. Taylor, Mr. Watson conducted the business alone for some years, and was succeeded by the present estimable members of the firm, who ever since have well sustained the credit of that firm, as publishers of the best religious literature of a strictly evangelical type.

Now, what is the lesson of this story to every young man? I give it in words which cannot be disputed:—'Them that honor me, I will honor.'—'Young Man.'

The Magic Coin.

(Lena Blinn Lewis.)

'One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten quarts. Now they look nice, if I do say it,' said Mrs. Jones, as she admired the row of canned peaches, their rich yellow faces shining through the jars.

'How I wish I was rich,' she said, softly. 'Every one of these cans would go to some poor family. But riches are not for every one, I suppose, or canned fruit, either; but I will try and put up a few extra quarts.

'How kind of John to give me the gold piece this morning. He said I was to get what I wanted most. I know what it will be,' and Mrs. Jones, with a smile, reached to take the piece of money from the shelf where she had laid it when John gave it to her.

A look of dismay came over her face, and her hand trembled. The five dollars was gone; certainly, surely gone. She searched and hunted the kitchen over. She moved every movable thing, and carefully swept every corner, looking in every crevice, but to no purpose. The gold piece was not to be found. Her heart was faint, and she could only say over and over again, 'Oh, dear, where can it be? No one has been here, and no one who comes would have taken it.'

Her dinner was forgotten, and when John came home he found his usually cheery little wife in tears.

'Why, Nellie, what has happened? No dinner, and crying? Tell me, what is wrong? Are you sick?'

In a broken voice from behind her kitchen apron, the story of the lost coin found its way to John's attentive ears.

'Poor girl,' he said, gently. 'Never mind. There are more gold pieces in the world, and one of them may come our way some day.' But he, too, began to search for the lost one. He tipped over chairs and picked them up again; knocked down the rolling-pin and potato masher, bumped his head in looking under the cupboard, and even glanced in the oven, but with no success.

'We'll give it up, Nellie, don't cry any more; it's too bad, I know, but I guess we can stand it, can't we?' And he playfully took the apron from Nellie's face, and in some way left a smile there.

The dinner was soon ready, and until the work was over, Mrs. Jones tried to forget her loss. But when she took her sewing and sat down by the window, she could not keep the tears back.

'If it was anywhere but lost,' she thought. 'If I could have given it away, or knew it would do some one some good; but it likely rolled down the crack and is under the house somewhere. I have planned so long to have a new table in the parlor, and I thought I could give something to the poor fund. But it's gone; we will have no new table, and I can give only a few cans of fruit.'

The weeks passed away in the glow of autumn skies, and each turning leaf spoke only of colder days, of snowflakes hidden among the clouds, and of the coming of the long winter evenings.

* * * * * * *

Mrs. Jones looked up from her work as the front gate clicked. 'Who can be coming this stormy afternoon?' As she opened the door, the snow blew in, and with it came Aunt Peggie Persons.

'What in the world are you out this awful day for?' said Mrs. Jones. 'Come in quickly; why, really, it is dreadful for you to come in such a storm.' And she pulled the rocker up to the fire and soon had Aunt Peggie well toasted.

'Now, you have something special to tell me, and I am ready to listen.'

'Yes, Nellie, it is something special. There is a family near us who are needy, and I thought perhaps we could help them. We cannot give money; it is too hard times; but we can spare provisions. They are worthy people, and will appreciate all we can do for them.'

'I wish that I could do a great deal, Aunt Peggie, but I can not. However, I will give a couple of cans of peaches, and I am sure John will take over some potatoes and other vegetables.'

'I wish he could take them to-night, Nellie, as to-morrow is Sunday, you know.'

Before dark, John Jones, with his supply of vegetables, and also a little wood, with Nellie's cans of fruit, stopped at the widow's home.

That evening there was a family council in the cottage.

'I can't do it, mother,' said Tom, with eyes full of brightness that he could hardly keep from being tears. 'You need the money I could perhaps earn, and then where are my books coming from?'

'I know, Tom, all about it, but if we could get money to buy your books and a pair of boots, I'm sure I could manage the rest, with what you can earn after school and on Saturdays. I want you to go to school this winter, and perhaps by spring you can teach. I cannot bear the thought of your always being a workingman. Just now we are so needy, but Mr. Jones has so kindly helped us, and I can have work from the shop next week. Come, Tom, cheer up. I am going to give you all a treat to-night, and open one of those cans of peaches. I will go and see if I cannot do some work for Mrs. Jones to pay for what they have brought us, so we do not need to feel we are eating peaches which have not been earned.'

The children were delighted with the good supper, and Tom enjoyed it, too. Suddenly he bit on something hard. 'O, that horrid pit,' he said; but in another moment he took from his mouth, not a peach pit, but a gold piece.

At first they did not know what to do, but Tom's mother said joyfully: 'It's all right, Tom. Mrs. Jones did it, I am sure. She wanted to help us, you see, and her kindness shall all be repaid. You shall go to school now. O, Tom, I'm so thankful.' And Tom's happy face reflected her gratitude.

The next morning Mrs. Jones received a call from Tom, and when John came home to dinner, he saw something unusual had happened.

'What is it, Nellie?'

'The gold piece, I have found it.'

'Found it? Where?'

'In Tom Nelson's new boots, school books, and happy boyish face.'

'What are you talking about? What has Tom Nelson to do with your gold piece, Nellie?'

She told him the story, and when she had finished, she said: "It was worth more to me to see the pleasure and gratefulness Tom showed than all the parlor tables in the world.'

'There was magic in that gold piece, I guess; magic of the right sort,' said John. 'And for my part I think peaches and gold more of a luxury than peaches and cream. And Mrs. Jones only replied, 'Why, John, you would joke about anything.'—'Michigan Advocate.'

A Born Artist.

There came under my own observation, says a writer in the 'Christian Herald,' a story of art struggle thrilling and full of romance. I had it from the heroine herself. Edmonia Lewis, a girl of half Indian and half African parentage, at nine years of age, walking along the streets of Boston, saw a statue of Benjamin Franklin, the first work of sculpture she had ever seen. She looked at it. She said she felt her soul expanding, and thought, 'I can do that.' She heard of a man who was a friend of her uncle and found him. As she went into the room, he lifted his eyes over his newspaper and asked her what she wanted. The reply was: 'I saw a figure standing on a stone in the street, and I want to make something like it.' He laid down his newspaper and smiled, and gave her a letter to a sculptor. The sculptor received her somewhat coldly, but gave her a model of a baby's foot, and told her to go home and work that out. The work done, she brought it to the artist, and he instantly destroyed it. He gave her another model. After some weeks she brought it back and he destroyed that. The third time she came, and then he uttered the first encouraging word, and told her she had the soul of an artist. He then gave her the model of a lady's hand, the copy of which she sold, getting ten dollars for it, the first money she had ever earned. She put her shingle out in Boston; on it: 'Edmonia Lewis, Artist.' At twelve years of age she had fifteen hundred dollars in the bank. Her patrons felt she had talents that ought to be cultivated and sent her to Italy. At twelve years of age she crossed the Atlantic Ocean alone. By letters of introduction she found her way from England to Italy, and hired the studio that once belonged to Canova. Charles Sumner, and men like him, visited her studio. She has her works of art to-day in the prominent galleries of Europe and America. But from that humble start in Boston, with all the disadvantages of her race, to the recognition of some of the first artists of the world—what a prolonged struggle! As far as your means may make it appropriate, gather works of art into your home. It is not so much the books your children read as the pictures they look at that will make indelible impression. The pictures of any age decide its civilization or barbarism. The frescoes brought up from Pompeii show the abomination of the times when that city was in power. Pure and elevated art implies a good state of public morals. There are so many evil influences abroad that we need all the fascinations of art to aid in the attempt to make the world better.

Seeds and Sheaves.

Be sure of store of roses,
When harvest is overpast,
If at the time of sowing,
Thy hands rose seeds have cast.

God's Children.

Brownie had a guest all to herself.

Brownie's real name was Margaret Eleanor. Her father said this should not be nicknamed, so she became Brownie.

The visitor was her cousin Walter. He had been at Brownie's only once before; when he was a baby and Brownie wasn't even born.

The two children became great friends. Walter listened politely while Brownie showed him her treasures—her dolls and the books chosen for her by her aunts. He didn't care for such things, and was glad when she said:

'Now, Walter, tell me what you do.'

'You know,' said Walter, 'father's a ship captain, and mother and I go with him.'

'Oh!' said Brownie, 'aren't you afraid to be on the great wide ocean, with nothing but a ship to live in?'

'I have been, in storms,' admitted Walter; 'but not often. It's such fun going up and down, and sometimes right through the water. And the things one sees!'

'What?' asked Brownie, eagerly, a new world seeming to open before her.

'Oh! whales, porpoises, coral, shells, sword-fish, star-fish and ever so many others,' said Walter, breathlessly running together all that came in his mind.

'Have you seen all those?'

'Yes, indeed, and lots more. Such strange people, too! Why, Brownie, you'd never think they were people! They jabber away, and dress so queerly. In some hot countries, the people hardly wear any clothes!'

BROWNIE AND WALTER.

'What's this?' asked Uncle Jack, coming in.

'I'm telling Brownie about people we see on voyages,' said Walter.

'On voyages?' laughed his father, playfully pinching his cheek. 'Yes, Brownie,' said Uncle Jack, turning to his niece, 'some are strange. I have no doubt that you would think them very strange indeed. But they're God's children, you know, as we are, and we must remember it always.'—Elizabeth B. Walker, in 'Sunbeam.'

A Cluster of Trailing Arbutus.

By Lucy Henrietta Wright.

'An' so I thought p'raps I could make it myself. It's such hard times, with Ned out of work, and dear knows how many extra expenses piling up.'

'O yes,' Mrs. Myers sighed wearily, as she folded up the garment she had been patching. 'For that matter it is always hard times with us; it does not seem to make much difference somehow, and I suppose one has just to get used to it.'

'O,' said her neighbor sympathetically. 'That's so with you; with your husband ailing, it can't help but be pretty tight work to make ends meet. Now, if Mr. Ford was to lose his place, I don't know what I would do; I declare I'd be clear discouraged, but you do keep up so well, Mrs. Myers; I cannot for my life see how you do it.'

'There's no use in complaining as I see,' Mrs. Myers' face was grave, and she spoke grimly. 'Things have to be done, and it seems that I'm the only one to do them, so what's the use of fussing?'

'Well, as I many a time say to Mr. Ford, I do feel for you—I declare there's our May cryin' as though she was hurt; I'll have to run over home an' see to her.'

Mrs. Myers, left alone in her neat little kitchen, moved about quietly, preparing her husband's lunch. If others felt that her invalid husband was a burden to her, did she not know in her inmost heart that her labor for him was that of love? If at times she grew weary, felt her trial was heavy, the thought of his tender appreciation could not fail to uphold her. So patiently, gladly she worked early and late, supporting the family, and ever ready with cheerful words and bright hopefulness, while her husband and children were happy in the sunny at-

mosphere she created in the humble home. When times of discouragement came, it was alone with God she met them, coming off conqueror through his strength, upon whose arm she rested.

But to-day, this balmy spring morning, she was sadly disheartened, and the color rose to her face, as she thought over her words to Mrs. Ford. Though it was true, as she had said, that they had for years been accustomed to struggle against poverty, yet the day before, pretty Della Foster had stopped at the door in her carriage to say, that she would need Mrs. Myers only a week to sew for her, instead of three weeks as usual. Since the mills had been closed all winter, papa had told her she must economize, so she would have to do without several of the new dresses for which she had been planning. Then Miss Bergner had sent word that she would not be able to attend her cousin's party, so Mrs. Myers need not reserve the time for her dress, and when Mrs. Ford ran in to ask whether Mrs. Myers did not think she could make over her dress herself and thus save expenses, it was more than she could bear. If it had not been for the thought of the thank-offering meeting, perhaps, she would not have given way to her discouragement. It did seem very hard. She had taken up the little envelope on the shelf, looking at it sadly. Only twenty-five cents to put in it, and she had hoped to be able to give at least a dollar. It seemed so little and God had blessed her. And then had come that tempting thought. What have you to be thankful for? What has God given you but sickness, struggle, poverty? Is it for these things you are grateful? While she was indulging such gloomy thoughts little Mrs. Ford had run over, and her discontent had put itself into words.

A quick step on the walk, and a flushed, boyish face appeared at the low kitchen window.

'See, Motherie, dear, what I've brought you? I got up early and studied my lessons before breakfast that I might have time. Chris Evans would have given ever so much to know where I found that arbutus, but I wanted to get it for you.'

'O Frank, how sweet it is; aren't the blossoms perfect? We must put some near father's couch. I have prepared everything ready to leave, Frank, and you and Sadie can see to lunch. O how fragrant these flowers are.'

'You'll wear a bunch to the meeting, mother? Those rich, city ladies can't have anything prettier, even if they do wear fine clothes.'

'You're a thoughtful boy for your mother, Frank.' Mrs. Myers stooped to kiss the boy's face as she spoke.

'I don't see how I could be otherwise; I'd be a queer chap if I didn't try to do something to pay back all you do for us.'

'As if I do more than a mother ought.'

It was with a light heart, filled with gratitude, that Mrs. Myers left the house that morning, turning to wave a last farewell to her husband and little daughter, who were near the window.

She smiled, and her thoughts were pleasant, as she rode into the city in the electric car, glancing down occasionally at her fragrant cluster of trailing arbutus. Even the thought of the tiny envelope with its mite could not sadden her now, with the remembrance of her boy's bright face, and her husband's expression as he looked into her face at parting, saying:

'There's not one of those missionaries you'll see to-day, who has lived a more beautiful, devoted life than you have, Mary.'

It was an enthusiastic missionary conference, and the morning passed quickly away. At luncheon Mrs. Myers met a number of old friends, whom she had not seen for years.

'Ada Crawford, it is not possible you are here. I should have known you anywhere.'

'And yet it was more than ten years ago that we met last. I remember seeing you with your little boy.'

'Yes; he is my big boy now,' Mrs. Myers said proudly. 'Where is your home now, Ada.'

'In Chicago, but I am home on a visit. What perfectly lovely arbutus, Mary. It carries me back to my childhood, and the charming days we used to spend in the woods; do you remember?'

'Of course I do. Frank brought this in for me early this morning; he is such a good son.' Mrs. Myers had unpinned the blossoms, and was now dividing them. 'You shall have half of my bunch, Ada. I remember your fondness for wild flowers.'

'O, how kind. I really think that is something to be thankful for; I'm almost sorry my envelope went in this morning. Suppose I drop a dollar into the basket when it is passed this afternoon. And you can tell your son he has contributed to the missionary cause to-day. I wonder if he has your enthusiasm for missions.'

Mrs. Myers' eyes were misty, as she responded, 'Nothing, I am sure, could give him more pleasure than to know he has helped in that way.' She was rejoicing that God had in this unexpected manner increased her offering.

Lingering at the close of the afternoon session, to speak to the President of the Society, a noble-hearted woman, she placed the remaining flowers in her hand.

'I want to give you what remains of my bouquet,' she said, and then she related the story of the flowers, and how they had helped to swell the contribution of the afternoon.

'They are exquisite,' Mrs. Woodward said, as she looked admiringly at the delicate pink blossoms. 'I really know these will delight little Mabel's heart; the child has been ill for weeks, and has grown so tired of hot-house flowers. Do you mind if I follow Mrs. Crawford's example, and add another dollar to the fund?'

'And so my thank-offering was $2.25, but I didn't deserve it,' Mrs. Myers said that evening, as she told the story to her husband and children. 'I shall have to confess that I was very rebellious at the thought of taking so little as a thank-offering. If it had not been for my son's thoughtfulness, I should have had but twenty-five cents to give.'

'And if I had not the best, the most selfsacrificing mother in the world, perhaps I shouldn't want to do all I can for her. So you see the credit all comes back on you after all, mother dear.'—Pres. 'Observer.'

Light.

The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.
The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies,
When love is done.
—F. W. Bourdillon.

'Beautiful faces are those that wear
Whole-souled honesty printed there.'

Temperance Cathechism.

ALCOHOL IN BEER.

1. Q.—Give the names of some kinds of beer ?

A.—Lager, ale, porter, stout, and weiss beer.

2. Q.—Do all these contain alcohol ?

A.—They do, for they have all been made by fermenting sweet liquids with yeast.

3. Q.—Which contains the most alcohol ?

A.—Old English ale, which sometimes contains twelve percent, or twelve parts in one hundred.

4. Q.—What does that mean ?

A.—It means that out of every hundred quarts of beer you can get twelve quarts of pure alcohol.

5. Q.—What would be left in the beer ?

A.—Just the dirty water containing the other decayed parts of the grain.

6. Q.—How much alcohol does lager contain ?

A.—Four or five parts in one hundred.

7. Q.—How much alcohol is there in common beer ?

A.—Five percent, or about five parts in one hundred.

8. Q.—What makes porter dark colored ?

A.—The grain was scorched to color it.

9. Q.—What has that to do with the alcohol ?

A.—Nothing, for alcohol has no color. It looks like water.

—Catechism by Julia Colman, (National Temperance Society).

Saved From the Drink Demon.

SOME EXPERIENCES OF A TEMPERANCE EVANGELIST.

(By Thomas E. Murphy, in 'Golden Rule.')

As a Christian Endeavorer, the more I am engaged in the work for temperance, and the more I see of the people who drink intoxicating liquors, the more thoroughly am I convinced that the need of the hour is a direct appeal in the name of Christ and his kingdom, to the individual to give up the habit and become a total abstainer. All the claims of the church and the state, of the home and the family, of parents and children, of husbands and wives, of health and material prosperity, may be united in this appeal.

An incident or two will serve to illustrate the effectiveness of this plan.

Some time ago I was invited to labor in a factory town under the auspices of a citizens' committee. The meetings were held in the town hall, and a noon service of half an hour was held for prayers. At the second noon service, as I entered, there stood at the door a thinly clad little girl, and I was about to speak to her when she placed in my hand a slip of paper, on which were written these words, 'Please pray that my papa may sign the pledge.'

I turned to speak to her, but found she had gone. I brought the request before the meeting, and it received prayerful attention.

The next day the little girl was in the same place, and handed in another slip, on which was written the same request. I tried again to approach her, but she avoided me.

The work went on until the tenth day, when it was thought that the meetings would close. But the committee had arranged for them to continue for two days longer.

The little girl did not know this, for the announcement had not yet been given to the public. She had been faithful with her request each day, and now (as she supposed) the last service had come. She was there and handed in the slip of paper, and said, 'Mr. Murphy, I hope I haven't bothered you too much, but I was so anxious to have papa sign, and I suppose it's no use to try any more.'

I talked with her, and learned that her father was a mechanic and much given to the drink habit; in fact, an unfortunate inebriate. I asked if he had been to the meetings, and she said she couldn't get him to attend.

I said, 'Can't I go and see him ?' and she replied that he had been drinking very hard for three weeks, and that he wasn't very kind, and that she was afraid he wouldn't be very glad to see me. I then told her that the meetings would continue for two days longer, and she exclaimed: 'Good, good ! I think he will come with me to-night.'

The evening came, and as I went to the service I thought of the little girl, and when I reached the platform I looked through the audience for her. To my glad surprise I saw her in the front row of seats alongside of a man, who from the anxious and tender glances which he cast at the child, I knew to be the father. What a face he had ! The eyes were sunken; the cheeks were swollen; the hair was unkempt ; and everything about his appearance told too plainly of the sin that held him.

I talked that night about the love of children for fathers, and the duty that fathers owed to their children, and I related how God had wonderfully saved my father from the drink, and what a difference his salvation had made in my life. At the close a solo was sung, the beginning of which is—

'Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all around our path ;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff;'

and as these sweet words fell upon this poor man's ears, I noticed that tears were in his eyes. I then asked for signers to the pledge to come forward. The little girl nudged her father, and seemed to be trying to get him to come. But he held back.

I finally left the platform and went down to them. I shook hands with the man, and asked, 'Won't you come and sign the pledge ?'

He replied, 'I want to sign it more than anybody wants to have me, but I've been a drunkard for ten years, and I'm afraid I cannot keep it.'

I urged, 'God will give you grace and strength, and if you will only trust him he will enable you to conquer.' He seemed to be in a very earnest and thoughtful mood, and listened to all I had to say. Then he looked into my face and said, 'Thank you, but not to-night.'

I was about to walk away, when the little girl caught me by the arm and said, 'Wait a little longer.' It did not mean much to the great audience whether the man signed or not, but oh, how much it meant to that little girl ! She stood upon the seat, and putting both her arms around her father's neck, she said, 'Dear papa, if you will sign the pledge I will help you to keep it.'

That was the appeal that set the Spirit of Jesus into his heart, and, taking the little one in his arms, and cheered by the applause of the multitude, he went to the table, and, after reading the pledge carefully, he said, 'All who believe that God can and will help a poor, weary unforunate, pray for me.'

The Christian people rallied around him ; he was taken into the church, and to-day he is a noble worker for the cause of gospel temperance. Surely 'a little child shall lead them.'

Another striking example of the power of the gospel to redeem and disenthral occurred in the meetings in the old John's Street Chapel in New York City two years ago. A cultured and refined lady, whose face was blistered from weeping and whose heart was all but broken, came to me at the close of a meeting and said : 'Mr. Murphy, won't you pray for my husband ? He is going to destruction, and our home is about to be broken up.'

I found from conversation with her that her husband was a college graduate and came from a good Christian family ; that until recently he had held a responsible position in a large publishing house, which he had lost through drink. She also told me that he was an agnostic, and had no sympathy with religion.

We made him a special subject for prayer, and we asked her to bring him to the next meeting. She had hard work to persuade him to come, and he came only when she got a small bottle of liquor and put it in her pocket, and told him if he wanted a drink while at the service, she would give it to him. Isn't it awful to think of men, with their eyes open, going into such bondage ?

Well, I am glad to tell you that the liquor never was used. The man came and the Spirit of God transformed him ; he signed the pledge, and became a Christian, and was restored to his position in business. He is now an assistant superintendent in a Sabbath-school, and I never speak in New York that he does not bring some one to the meeting to sign the pledge.

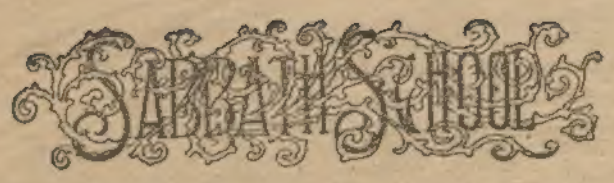
I could recount hundreds of such cases. O that we could more and more realize that it is not by might, nor by power, but by God's Spirit, 'that the world is to be redeemed !'

Take Heed.

The following incident is full of lessons for reformed men. It comes direct from a leader in gospel temperance work.

A good-hearted man who was under the power of drink, reformed and remained steadfast for nine years, amassing fifty thousand dollars in money, becoming a director in an important temperance institution, and being instrumental in saving one hundred and sixty-three men who had fallen. At the end of nine years he felt altogether safe, became proud of his success, did not like to have any one know he was a reformed man, and ceased to attend and work in the temperance meetings. A saloon-keeper got hold of him and offered to wager ten dollars that this reformed man of nine years' standing could not walk around the block with a teaspoonful of whiskey in his mouth. In the weakness of his pride, the poor fellow accepted the wager, swallowed the whiskey, his appetite was fiercely aroused, he began to drink, and six years after this diabolical temptation he died a drunkard. 'Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall,' and let him remember that to work in Christ's name for others is the surest way of being saved himself.—'American Paper.'

The drink difficulty lies at the root of everything. Nine-tenths of our poverty, squalor, vice, and crime spring from this poisonous tap-root.—General Booth.



LESSON X.—June 6

Sins of the Tongue.

James iii., 1-13. Reap Chapter iii. Commit vs. 11-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile.—Psa. xxxiv., 13.

Home Readings.

M. Jas. iii., 1-18.—Sins of the Tongue.
T. Jas. iv., 1-17.—'Speak not Evil One of Another.'
W. Jas. v., 1-11.—'Be patient, therefore, Brethren.'
Th. Jas. v .,12-20.—Good uses of the Tongue.
F. Matt. xii., 22-37.—We Shall Give Account for our Words.
S. Prov. xv., 1-33.—'A Wholesome Tongue is a Tree of Life.'
S. Ps. xxxix., 1-13.—'That I sin not with my Tongue.'

Lesson Story.

This lesson begins with a warning against seeking high places of authority over others. If a man leads others wrongly he will have to answer in some degree for their misdeeds. The greater the influence and authority the greater the responsibility. In many points we all fall short of our duty and so cannot judge others. The test of a man's spirituality is the use of his tongue, he who uses his tongue to stir up strife or to defraud his neighbor or to make false pretences of any kind in any sly or secret way cannot be called a holy man, no matter what his pretensions may be.

Words that are once said cannot be unsaid. It behooves us to watch our lips very closely, praying for grace to speak only kind and helpful words, but if we should be betrayed into sudden anger and unkind speech, the most Christlike thing we can do is to apologize and forgive and try by our kindness to bring that soul nearer to Christ. The tongue is a very small part of the body, but very powerful; a very small match, once lighted, may cause the destruction of a large town or great forest by fire, yet matches are very useful and necessary in their right place. There is danger in letting anything become master of us, all good things are ours to employ not to serve. It can be said of many necessary and useful things that, like fire, they make good servants, but very bad masters.

Every kind of beast has been or can be in some way tamed, but no man can tame the tongue, but, thank God, it can be tamed by changing the heart from which its utterances flow. If any man is wise, let him show it by his good conversation, not seeking to show off his knowledge in every way, but having that heavenly wisdom which is meek and peaceable, gentle and full of mercy and good fruits.

Lesson Hymn.

A word, and the skies grow darker;
  A word, and the clouds roll high;
A word, and the soul lies stricken,
  And hurt hearts grieve and sigh.

A word, and the skies would brighten;
  A word, and the clouds would fly;
A word and the soul finds healing,
  And hurt hearts cease to sigh.

Oh, word, ere too late, be spoken!
  Let the threshold of silence be crossed,
Ere the thread of thy fate be broken
  And the chance forever lost!

Lesson Hints.

This is a fruitful theme, there is a great deal said in the book of Proverbs about the use of the tongue, verses which might profitably be studied in connection with this lesson. 'Masters'—Teachers, (R. V.). When we have learnt lessons at the feet of Jesus, we are quite safe to pass on to others the truths we have learnt. 'Offend'—Trip, stumble, (R.V.). We are all human and the path is ofttimes rough. 'Perfect'—A bad man may guard his tongue ever so carefully but sooner or later words will slip out that show his true character, for 'a good man out of the good treasure of the heart bringeth forth good things; and an evil man out of the evil treasure bringeth forth evil things.' (Matt. xii.) 'Governor'—the steersman,who practically governs the course of the ship. 'Great things'—Either for good or evil.

'The tongue is a fire'—It can pour forth burning words of eloquence. It can burn into the hearts of men words good or bad, and can start fires which may burn through all eternity. 'The course of nature'—'The wheel of nature,' (R.V.), probably means the whole of life, all through which we are in danger from unruly tongues. 'Is set on fire of hell'—The devil is called 'the father of lies,' and it is at his altar those fires are lighted which bring such misery to mankind. 'Full of deadly poison'—'All the wild beasts and poisonous serpents in the world have not begun to do as much evil as the tongue. Socrates, when asked what beast was most dangerous to man, answered, "Of tame beasts, the flatterer; of wild beasts, the slanderer." '—(Peloubet.)

'Therewith bless we God'—Those who love him do so, 'and therewith curse we men'—Those who know not God commit this terrible sin. 'So can no fountain both yield salt water and fresh'—And the heart washed in the blood of Jesus and filled with the Spirit of Jesus will continually give forth good words.

Search Questions.

Give six verses from the Old Testament about the tongue.

Primary Lesson.

Keep thy tongue from evil and thy lips from speaking guile. 'Speaking guile' means saying things to 'take people in,' that is just the same as telling lies. A very litttle lie, told by a very little mouth can do a great deal of harm, the bible tells us. There are other wrong things little tongues often do besides telling lies. When they speak cross words to playmates, or rude words to teachers or say something you would not like mother to hear, little tongues are sinning. How often we sin just with that foolish little tongue. How earnestly we need to pray:—

'Forgive, O Lord, for thy dear son,
The ill which I this day have done.'

What are our tongues for? To praise God, to speak kindly and to tell people many true and sweet things—we can even tell the story of Jesus and so help to save people with our tongues. But suppose we sing hymns and then speak very crossly to some one the next minute. Would that be nice? Or suppose we talk about Jesus to a little friend and then tell him something untrue or horrid. What sort of tongue would do that? Little tongues that belong to Jesus must be very careful what they say.

But often the words come before we have time to think, so we must not only be careful ourselves but ask God to take care of our tongues. We can say, 'Let the words of my mouth be acceptable in thy sight.' 'We can say, 'Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth, keep the door of my lips.' We can ask Jesus who always spoke such very good things to make us like himself so that our tongues may say the things that please him and not wrong things or unkind things. We can say:

'Take my lips and let them be
Filled with messages from thee.'

SUGGESTED HYMNS.

'What shall the harvest be?' 'Oh, could I speak,' 'Sing them over,' 'Draw me nearer,' 'What a friend we have in Jesus,' 'Have courage, my boy.'

Christian Endeavor Topic.

May 30.—'That ye bear much fruit.'—John xv., 1-14.

Junior Prayer-Meeting Topic.

May 30.—How can we 'bear much fruit'? John xv., 1-8.

Ancient Annals.

The bible is no longer a book of lonely records. Fifty years ago it seemed as if the only voice that came to us out of the ancient East was that of the Old Testament. Babylon and Nineveh had perished irretrievably; nothing could be gathered of their history except what biblical authors told, or what Greek writers, to whom the rest of the world were barbarians, had happened to gather of the story of these nations that had gone before them. The key had been found to the Egyptian hieroglyphics, but not much of value had been discovered; some names of kings and multiplied copies of one burial book. It then seemed hopeless to expect that any of the many questions which scholars were asking about the possibility of the truth of the Scripture records which bear upon the histories of the countries about them could ever be answered.

How different is the case now. The annals of Kings of Babylon, Assyria, and Persia, written by their own orders and in their own times, have been discovered and the forgotten languages have been reconstructed and read. It is something amazing when one king of Assyria makes mention of five kings of Israel and Judah, mentioned in the bible, and recounts his dealings with them. The King of Egypt, who was probably the Pharaoh of the oppression, has been found buried in his tomb, and any tourist that goes to Cairo can see his mummified features. Nebuchadnezzar tells us in his own language of the great Babylon, which he had builded; Cyrus records for our instruction his story of how he captured Babylon, and Belshazzar tells us such little things as how much he paid to the boatman to carry an offering to the temple of the sun god.

Nor have the hidden libraries of the East been less fruitful. A whole mine of historical material has been discovered which opens to us the constitution of the primitive Christian church and brings just the needed evidence of the early composition of all four of the Gospels. Meanwhile the labor of scholars in studying the literary problems connected with the composition of the biblical books has gone on with increased zeal, and archaeology adds its bit to critical investigation.—New York 'Independent.'

Reverence in the Sunday-School.

(By Mrs. W. B. Porter.)

The heart of every truly devout teacher in the Sunday-school to-day is shocked and pained at the great lack of reverence shown on the part of many children and youths for things sacred and holy. What is the reason for this lack? The Sunday-school teacher often teaches more by example than by precept, and we often find the character of the teacher reproduced in the lives of her pupils. When precept and example go hand-in-hand, what an influence they exert! But do teachers always remember that they are living epistles, known and read of their scholars, and are they sure that the example in reverence is always worthy of imitation. Will it be safe for the teacher to say to her pupils, as Paul did to his in Philippians iv., 9: 'Those things, which ye have both learned, and received, and heard, and see in me, do?' Perhaps she will not care to be thus closely scrutinized by her class, but let her know assuredly that very little will escape the keen observation of her scholars.

One who would teach reverence must be reverent. The teacher who enters God's house for public worship with reverent manner, and bows her head in a silent prayer for God's blessing upon pastor and congregation, exerts a positive influence for good that will be felt by all who see her. The careless teacher—for there are such—who laughs and carries on a conversation during the singing of the hymns, will feel herself reproved, and the older scholars, and even the little ones, will deport themselves better because of this exemplary conduct.—S.S. 'Times.'

Gordon's Favorite Lines.

We read Thee best in Him who came
To bear for us the cross of shame;
Sent by the Father from on high,
Our life to live, our death to die.
—Dr. Horatius Bonar.

HOUSEHOLD.

The Ways of the World.

In the eyes of the world she was only a commonplace woman, but to the inner circle of chosen friends she was a perfect marvel. A woman of about forty and the mother of eight living children, the oldest a daughter of twenty-two, and the youngest but five.

Her rare executive ability had helped her over many a rough path. The machinery in that home runs by clockwork and when the visitor learns that they keep no help, and yet before two o'clock every afternoon every member of the family is neatly dressed and ready to sit down and rest until time to prepare the six o'clock dinner, she is amazed. The house is a large, convenient one, but the secret of this woman's management lies in the one fact that she has taught each child to wait on himself or herself.

Two of the older ones are responsible for the two younger ones, even to their clothes. The children take turns in the different branches of work, as, for example, setting the table, doing the marketing, and running on errands, and are taught to do their work thoroughly and well.

The mother never knows when the table linen is to be changed as the older ones see that the younger ones perform their duties at the regular time. The boys of this family are taught to be helpful as well as their sisters, and in the days to come their wives, if they marry, will feel grateful to the mother who was so wise in the management of a family.

While the children were young she was always fortunate in obtaining good and efficient help.

* * * * *

Another picture is before me, quite unlike the home which I have just described. There is no system or order anywhere. Meals are served irregularly and on dirty red table cloths to save washing, the ironed clothes are seldom if ever mended, and the children wear stockings with the toes or heels out. Frequently a table of dirty dishes is allowed to stand all day to gather flies. The mother considers herself an invalid, and much of the time lies around in a faded and soiled wrapper, old shoes and hair uncombed.

Is it any wonder the four children are careless in their manners and dress. Not one of them knows how to work. Is it any wonder that the husband and father has grown tired of his disorderly home and poorly cooked meals, and goes elsewhere for his entertainment. Is it not a fact that lack of system and regularity in a household can drive a man to drink, and other things which are even worse?—Carrie May Ashton, in N. Y. 'Observer.'

Responsibility of Parents.

'I have a son, a man who ought now to be taking his place in the business or professional circles, but he is not even self-supporting.'

So wrote a man, in extenuation of a plea for additional advances on real estate securities.

This man had seen his son grow up a spoiled, neglected child. In a luxuriant home, with servants to wait upon him, and every want supplied, with pocket money furnished, and the means necessary for an education placed within his reach; but, with no watchful care given either his intellectual or moral development, he had grown to be, not aggressively wicked, but a passably intelligent, selfish, useless clog, not even 'self-supporting.'

A bright lad, from a good home, so-called, was observed by his teacher to be growing morose. Little things were missing from the schoolroom, but the thief could not be detected. Soon, sums of money, from friends and others, were taken and it was developed that this boy, who needed nothing which his indulgent parents did not supply, was pronounced an irresponsible kleptomaniac, renderd so, the physicians said, by the use of cigarettes.

A boy only fourteen years old was unfit to attend school on account of frequent epileptic fits caused, his physician said, by the use of tobacco.

A teacher found a small pupil in the act of smoking a cigarette. To her questioning he replied: 'My father gave it me. He smokes them himself.'

Similar cases could be multiplied. Comment seems unnecessary; but, we ask, what can teachers do when parents utterly ignore their responsibilities in the moral and physical education of the boys?—M. T. Bailey.'

The Pace That Kills.

(From Harper's Bazar.')

In looking up a word in the dictionary several days ago my eyes fell on the definition of 'emulation'—'the act of attempting to equal or excel in qualities or actions; rivalry; desire of superiority, attended with effort to attain it.'

Only the evening before, we had been talking about a little woman who was once pretty, but now has a harassed and anxious expression of countenance.

'What is the matter with her?' asked one. It was a physician who answered:

'She has no disease. She is wearing herself to death by emulation of other people. The strain will kill her if she keeps it up. Nobody in this world can stay first.'

His words and the dictionary definition set me to thinking. Are not many women killing themselves by this same process? And how drearily unprofitable it all is, when one considers the truth of the physician's statement that 'nobody in this world can stay first!'

Nobody! For, strive as we may, there is always some one with a little more money, a handsomer house, more influence, or perhaps more brains. There is merit in the desire to make the best of ourselves and of the talents given us. There is no credit due her who, because of 'a desire for superiority' over another, wears herself out in attempting to do that which she cannot perform. Is this not one reason for the nervous, anxious look on the faces of our American women? They strive to dress as well as neighbors with double their income; they give entertainments that empty the never-too-full purse, and they buy furniture for which they can only pay by rigid self-denial.

Were we only content as women to do just that which we can easily afford how much more peaceful our lives would be, how much better our children, how much more care-free and youthful our husbands, who cannot bear to have their wives long for things that by an additional strain they might give them. And would not our lives be longer in the land.

Children's Books.

In addition to reading with children, it is well to let them by degrees collect little libraries of their own. Give a book as a reward, and respect its owner's right of possession. Insist on certain quiet intervals from play, when the pursuits followed must be either the reading of a paper or magazine, the writing letters to one another, the drawing of pictures or the pasting of clippings and illustrations in a scrap-book. While the utmost freedom for romping and for even violent exercise must be given at times, yet there is a time for everything, and the formation of reposeful habits is as important as any other thing in the training of children.

Always have an acquaintance with the books your children read. Great and often irreparable harm is done to immature minds by bad literature. There are boys in reformatories and prisons to-day who would not be there but for the agency of evil books. We cannot be too careful in this regard, for when a child is influenced for evil by the Satanic agency of an impure or wicked book his moral life is poisoned at the source. Far better might the physical life receive injury than the moral nature suffer distortion in this way.—'Congregationalist.'

A Word to Boys.

Mothers, says an exchange, train your boys to be neat in the house. They should be taught to look after themselves, and to keep their hats and coats in their proper places. Teach them this habit, and you will save many annoyances, and you will also do a kindness to the boys by teaching them neatness and self-respect.

Boys, as well as girls, should be taught to help in the house. How often we have been disgusted to see that the girls are made to help at the housework while the boys are allowed to play checkers, or sit at the fire toasting their toes.

A boy can help clear away after a meal, sweep the floor, polish the stove, or wash the dishes, just as effectively as a girl. He, as a rule is stronger.

He will love his home more, and when he becomes a man, and has a home of his own, he will respect his wife all the more for having been taught to respect his mother and sisters.

A Dainty Kitchen.

A well-equipped kitchen is more attractive than a dainty drawing-room—when you have to live in it. In trying to 'make out' with insufficient numbers of cooking utensils and dishes, the housewife takes from her physical strength and good humor. You may not realize it yourself—but your friends know there is some cause for that tired, strained look in your face. Learn to economize in physical force before you draw your purse strings.—'Womankind.'

Purees.

No matter how much of a vegetable is used for thickening a puree a small quantity of arrowroot, cornstarch or flour should be used to hold the vegetable in solution, and make the soup smooth. And when the vegetable is delicate in flavor, it should be cooked in a small quantity of water and all the water be used in making the puree.

Puree of Peas.—Cook together one tablespoonful of butter and two tablespoonfuls of flour, add two cupfuls of peas cooked very tender, in just enough water to cover them, and rubbed through a sieve, also the water in which the peas were cooked, and two cupfuls of veal or chicken broth. Let simmer ten minutes, season and serve.

'Puree of Tomato.—Cook together one tablespoonful of butter and two tablespoonfuls of flour, add three cupfuls of cooked tomato rubbed through a sieve, simmer five minutes, pour in a cupful of cream, bring to boiling point, season to taste, add a quarter of a teaspoonful of soda and serve.

Puree of Potato.—Cook together one tablespoonful of butter and two tablespoonfuls of flour, add two cupfuls of boiled potato and one cupful of boiled onion rubbed through a sieve, and two cupfuls of hot milk. Let simmer five minutes, pour in a cupful of cream, bring to a boiling point, season to taste and serve.

NORTHERN MESSENGER.

(To the Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.')

Sir,—Your publications are gaining popularity here, especially the 'Northern Messenger' in its new form.

L. H. LACKEY.

Glen Sutton.

(To the Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.')

Sir,—I have been taking your 'Northern Messenger' for over eight years, and I am well pleased with it. It arrives in good time for the study of the Sunday-school lessons and a look over the temperance page.

B. A. YOUNG.

Summerville, May 10, 1897.

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